The Foolish Poet Press Ltd.

Wilmslow

THE SISYPHUS POEMS

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2022

UNBOUNDED LOVE

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

“This undertaking, I know cannot be accomplished without dangers and bitterness. We must accept the dangers: the era of chair bound artists is over..... His very vocation, in the face of oppression, is to open the prisons and to give voice to the sorrows and joys of all. This is where art, against it’s enemies, justifies itself by proving precisely that it is no one’s enemy.... authentic creation is a gift to the future.”

Albert Camus (1953) The Myth of Sisyphus and other essays. Vintage Books; New York.

““O cruel death give three things back,”
Sang a bone upon the shore;
“A child found all a child can lack
Whether of pleasure or of rest
Upon the abundance of my breast””

W. B. Yeats (1929) From the poem Three Things. The ARIEL Poems - Poem 18. Faber & Faber Ltd; London.

With Love - A Poetry Collection inspired and for Arthur Cave, Earl Cave, Susie Cave, & Nick Cave and all they love.

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

UNBOUNDED LOVE

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ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2022) The Sisyphus Poems. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

Sources for Poems

Juan Ramón Jiménez (1931) Yo No Soy Yo in Eteridades. Verso (1916 - 1917) Renacimiento - C.I.A.P; Madrid. Bertolt Brecht (1939) Svendborger Gedichte. Herzfelde; London. A.E. (George William Russell) (1904) The Silence of Love in The Divine Vision and Other Poems. MacMillan & Co Ltd; London. Anne Carson (1995) The Glass Essay: Whacher & Liberty from Glass, Irony, and God. New Directions Publishing Corporation; New York. C.M. Bowra (1954) The Heritage of Symbolism. MacMillan & Co Ltd; London. A.E. (George William Russell) (1909) The Hero in Man. The Orpheus Series: No 1. D. N. Dunlop; Hale. Paul Verlaine (1891) From Songs without words: forgotten Arias IV, Translated from Romances sans paroles: Ariettes Oubliées (1891) Leon Vanier; Paris. Nick Cage (2021) From the Poem The Spanish Lady. The Red Hand Files. ISSUE #141 / APRIL 2021. Derek Walcott (1986) From Love After Love in Collected Poems 1948 - 1984. Faber and Faber Ltd; London. Stevie Smith (1982) Not Waving but Drowning in The Collected Poems of Stevie Smith. Allen Lane; London. Nick Cave (2022). Faith, Hope and Carnage. Canongate Books Ltd; Edinburgh. William Wordsworth (1807) My Heart Leaps Up in Poems, In two volumes. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; London. G. K. Chesterton (1929) Ubi Ecclesia drawings by Diana Murphy. The Ariel Poems - Poem 21. Faber and Gwyer; London. Ruth Muskrat Bronson (1923 [2011]) If You Knew in Changing Is Not Vanishing: A Collection of American Indian Poetry to 1930. University of Pennsylvania Press; Philadelphia. Buddha (300 BC [2014]) Dhammapada (50) A Translation by Thanissaro Bhikku. Meta Forrest Monastary; Valley Center. John O'Donohue (2010) From Beannacht Echoes of Memory. Transworld Publishing; Ireland. Rainer Maria Rilke (1912-1922 [1923]) From the Third Elegy; Duineser Elegien (Duino Elergies - Elergies from the castle of Duino). Insel-Verlagg; Leipzig. João Airas de Santiago (1302) Galician-Portuguese Medieval Songs. Cancioneiro da Biblioteca Nacional - B 963. Cancioneiro da Vaticana - V 550. Jane Kenyon (2007) From the Poem The Evening Sun in Collected Poems. Graywolf Press; Minneapolis. Aldous Huxley (1963) Island. Bantam Books; New York. Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) Jenseits von Gut und Böse - Erstes Hauptstück. Von den Vorurteilen der Philosophen (Beyond Good and Evil - On the Prejudices of Philosophers.) - Part 3. C. G. Naumann; Liepzig. Thomas Common (1910) In the First Complete translation of Friedrich Nietzsche's work - in The Joyful Wisdom. T.N. Foulis; Edinburgh. Irvin D. Yalom (2010) When Nietzsche Wept. Harper Perennial; London. Dylan Thomas (1952) Do not go gentle .. Collected Poems 1932-1952. J.M Dent & Sons Ltd; London. Henry Wandsworth Longfellow (1839) From the poem A Psalm of Life in Voices of the Night. John Owen; Cambridge. John Donne (1669) [1896] From "The Triple Fool" in Poems by John Donne (1572 -1631) Ed Chambers, E.K. George Routledge; London. Heinrich Heine (1827)Translation of Wer zum ersten Male liebt in Buch der Lieder. Hoffmann und Campe; Hamburg. Stéphane Mallarmé (1897) Divagations: Crise de vers. Bibliothéque-Charpentier; Paris.

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2022

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"Cause nothing really matters
I thought I knew better. So much better
And I need you
I need you
Cause nothing really matters"

David Scanlon Playlist: songs which shaped more words. (Above words - Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds (2016) I need You on Skeleton Tree. Bad Seeds Ltd. Songwriters: Nick Cave & Warren Ellis)

LANGUAGE IS IMPERFECT: LOVE ETERNAL

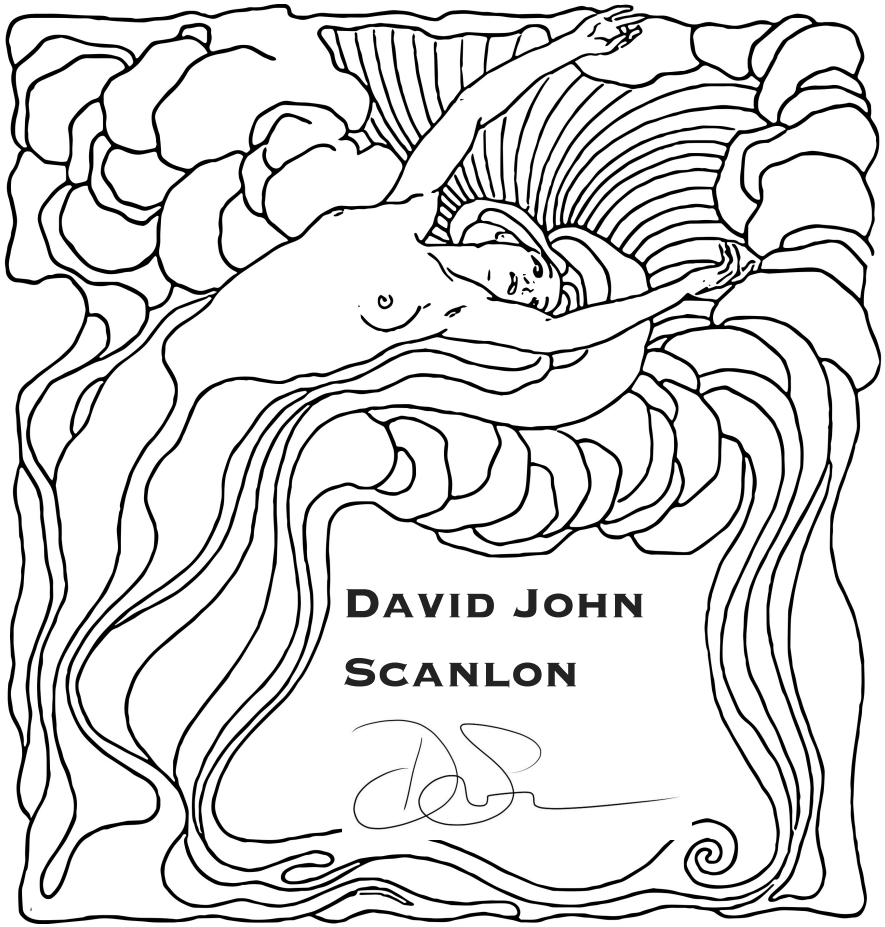
We walked together, for many a year, in joyful isolation,
Which, in our absences, harboured a different truth -
One so unpalatable to bear: that all the fruits of careful
Speech did so little to enhance our living moments
Despite the feelings which insist upon being shown.

For in our passion to do what is right, pragmatism's gift,
We have done unintended harm, in our clumsy ways,
To those who care as deeply but, with life's constraints,
Humbly move and listen and work towards our aims -
We live each day within our known truths, fully shared.

In our many languages none can acquire her place,
For intrinsic in our understanding is humanities fears,
As we live in the past not in the future or her present;
Time being our deepest fear, in our finite place here,
Where our artefacts are the expression our being.

In walking together we have found another way, one
Of laughter and joy and care which challenges reveal:
In our deepest moments of movement lies something,
Seen, but beyond the rational words required of work,
Is humanities deepest unspoken partnership, our love.

UNBOUNDED LOVE



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WHAT IS IT ABOUT THAT MOMENT?

What is it about that moment,
The one that we almost missed,
Which meant we touched each other
In a way few seldom know, in a kiss?

To lay here amongst your silence
And be gathered towards your whole
It's here I recognised our growing
As we entwined in this love our souls.

Do others find in deepened silence
This liberation as we two, in love, do?
Or do they miss these sweet moments
Which I so often have shared with you.

How lucky can one simple person be
To find such eternal and truthful bliss?
Lean across this moment, my darling,
And let us find another tender kiss.

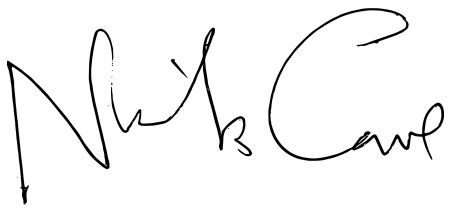
GRIEF - THE PRICE OF LOVE

He will be forever by her side,
As loves devotion cannot hide:
It doesn't die with mortal men
Who laugh and smile - when
Found they know their place
And give up ego's own race.

We cannot change our true self,
A core identity that gives health
To those who give with true love,
Who follow and guide, above
The needs of true mens way
As steadfastly they then stay.

From his shadow she was whole,
Then gave fully from loves soul:
An eternal light shines each day
When we, love filled, just stay
With devotion, with deep belief,
Now all hollowed out with grief.

"The utility of suffering, then, is the opportunity it affords us to become better human beings. It is the engine of our redemption."



Nick Cave (2021)

I AM NOT ME (II)

I am not me.
I am her
who is at my side without me seeing her,
who, at brief times, I can see,
and who, at other times I forget.
Her silent serenity gives me a voice,
she who forgives, sweetly, though I may hate,
she who walks where I cannot be,
she who remains in place where I lie.

After - Juan Ramón Jiménez (1931) Yo No Soy Yo in Eteridades. Verso (1916 - 1917) Renacimiento - C.I.A.P; Madrid. (After this poem in translation by David Scanlon (2021))

HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP

Friedrich Nietzsche, Gentiana Koçi, David Scanlon (1911 [2021]) A poem created and inspired by a Fragment Poem (1) in Ecce Homo from The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche - The First Complete and Authorised English Translation - Edited by Dr Oscar Levy. Volume Seventeen. T.N.Fouliss; Edinburgh.

Goddess Friendship, I deign to hear your song
May we two sing together of how friendships long!
Where eyes of true friendship poise,
Filled with all of friendships joys
They come not with aiding ways,
Still, are filled with the rose of dawns gaze
and, from her holy hand, this oath of eternal faith.

Goddess Friendship, they feign from our song
Shall we sing it louder, as in friendship we belong?
When, in living, the eyes in friendship rise,
That moment brings a joyous surprise,
But, oh, not always with aiding ways,
Which cuts us off from seeing the roses gaze
And in this, our land, what oath of ours is faith!

Goddess Friendship, I reign when I hear your song
So I now sing softly of a love that grows strong!
When loving eyes in this friendship see,
Then, each moment, feels like eternity,
That is not reached in simple ways!
But when I feel the joy in the roses gaze
From my breast the words of our eternal faith find rest.

LET FEAR FEAR ITSELF

For a Viking Hero - Blair Campbell and his hero Tina

As doubt and fear roams
The demons of the head
Live freely in the chaos:
    Embrace fear - live!
    In action trace a life,
    Let fear fear it's self.

Embrace life with others
Let them become your life
And see beyond chaos:
    In their eyes - smile!
    Commit, face up to life,
    Let love love our self.

Be in friendships bosom
Let their love within you
And live freely in the play:
    Embrace fear - live!
    Smile in the embrace,
    Let life live it's self.

SONGS IN DARK TIMES

We who can still sing, must
Find from these darker times
The moments to shape rhymes;
    Speak of all that brings to life,
    The joys that make us whole,
    So we can again grow tall.

I woke from her waiting game,
And in these, our darker times,
Found more and more rhymes;
    They come from all of my life,
    All the joys that make me whole,
    And slowly I grow, not fall.

Now each day I know my way,
Out of these, our darkest times,
In solace with the great rhymes;
    Who inspire me to love in life,
    All who give and make us whole,
    So I with them now grow tall.

LOVE LET HER

Love letter, love letter, let her;
Be this better part of broken me;
Be the purity which you can free
        As you touch me deep inside
        Finding words I cannot hide,
        The letters written as I cried.

Go get her, go get her, love let her,
Shape the better part of loving free;
Shape the eternal purity now in me;
        As we touch something died,
        New words that have not lied,
        The letters written, our guide.

Go tell her, go tell her, I love her;
Speak this better part of broken me,
Speak with her purity now so free.
        As we touch I no longer hide
        Finding words, now my guide,
        These letters written with pride.

THE THREE WISDOMS

For Irvin Yalom: thank you for guiding me along the way!

I was introduced to their muse,
A silent women of our history,
Who awoke three master minds;
        With Nietzsche came her healing hand,
        With Rilke came her loving, hand made
        In a way, for Freud to bring me home!

I wondered the depths of philosophy,
With the silent women yet to come,
Who awakes all the poet masters minds;
        With mystery comes her eternal hand,
        With love, comes her healing; words made
        In a way, for poetry to bring me home!

I wondered the depths of psychotherapy,
With the silent women yet to come,
Not yet awake in the science masters minds;
        Within his rational eternal hand I was,
        Loveless, without healing; words forming
        On the way, in the depths, before coming home!

I was introduced to her, my muse,
The silent women of eternal history
Who awoke, three times, this poets heart;
        With Nietzsche came a guiding hand,
        With Rilke and her love, a healing hand
        And a way, with Jung, to bring me home!

NEW WATERS BREAK

Why do we remain so trapped, yet,
In tragedy and death we awaken,
In grief, as if the waters of truth break?
In the new birth, we re-imagine,
Stop our measuring and reflect,
Alive to the transience of life.

Can we ever escape from the traps?
In joyousness and birth we awaken,
In love, as if the waters of life break:
In the new birth, we re-emerge,
Stop our measuring and reflect,
Alive to the trans-mission of life.

Can we remain and escape, stay,
In everydayness and live, awake,
In love and hate, as new waters break?
In each moment, we can re-affect,
In measuring and in reflecting, be -
Alive to the transcendence of life.

LOVE

Love is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain.
I'll say it again.
Love is a concept
By which we measure
Our pain:

I don't believe in science;
I don't believe in religion;
I don't believe in Philosophies;
I don't believe in humanism;
I don't believe in Angels;
I don't believe in Leaders;
I don't believe in Rilke;
I don't believe in Freud;
I don't believe in news;
I don't believe in Television;
I don't believe in queens;
I don't believe in kings;
I don't believe in Lennon;
I don't believe in Zimmerman;
I don't believe in Internets;
I just believe in me;

Clare and me.
And that's reality.
The dream is over,
What can I say?
The dream is over.
Yesterday
I was the dream weaver
But now I'm reborn;
I was the Foolish Poet
But now I'm David.
And so dear friends
You'll just have to carry on.
The dream is over.

After John Lennon (1970) God on Album John Lennon / Plastic Ono Band . Songwriter: John Lennon.

UNDIVIDED

I know I am singing to be free,
When you are here beside me,
Breaking boundaries I cannot see:
For you are inside me,
I have become our we,
An undividedness free.

I have tried endlessly to flee,
Can you just not let me be,
Safe in a-control within me:
That I inside of me,
A me without a we,
In dividedness I flee.

We are only ever free as a we,
As we embrace bounties tree,
Let’s not remain between the sea:
For you are inside me,
I have become so free,
An undividedness. A we.

THE LIGHTNESS OF CIRCLES

πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει

Yes, in our circle of life we are but the focus,
yet it is the radius of Family and Friendships
that makes us spin within our true emotions...
The cycles of our days, start and end,
The cycles of our life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Where is your focus, as your life circles?
Is it within the love and directness of care
which, sometimes, hurts - as truth can…
The emotions of being, start and end,
The emotions of life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Yes, in our circles of life, when love is our focus,
we go beyond the perimeter of those who care,
those that help the cycles spin with emotion…
The cycles of her days, start without end,
The cycles of her love, start without end,
After all circles have no beginnings nor ends....!

αἰὼν παῖς ἐστι παίζων, πεττεύων· παιδὸς ἡ βασιληίη

A FRIENDSHIP SONG

After João Airas de Santiago (1302) Galician-Portuguese Medieval Songs. Cancioneiro da Biblioteca Nacional - B 963. Cancioneiro da Vaticana - V 550. (Translated David Scanlon (2022)

All the things I see depart
in this our world of sound,
and people they drowned
in sound, as time it's yours!,
but love it does not depart
in a friends heart it stores.

Although you break my heart
for things loved, in life's flow,
and turn from places we know,
and turn from your own shores,
you will not depart my heart
in this friends heart it stores.

All the things I see change,
times change, we are glad,
we change for good or bad,
all things move as wind roars
but love it will never change
in a friends heart it stores.

THIS WORLD

Sweetheart come, to this place I know,
This place of silence in presence, beyond
Beyond all that is practical and of this:
This world of doing the dishes,
This world of dicing the fishes,
This world of creating time.

Sweetheart come, to this place you create,
This place of presence in words, from beyond
Beyond all that can be known from this:
This world of catching the flies,
This world of matching the skies,
This world of moving time.

Sweetheart come, to this place of ours,
This place where friendship meets grace,
Grace in all that can be known from this:
This world where smiling belongs,
This world where our love throngs,
This world of eternal time.

I WILL NOT WAIT

Thank you for ringing this bell,
Remembering how love fell, and
Arose again within musics spell:
Words in haunting melodies,
Remind us of hidden mysteries,
Anchored within our histories!

We are imperfect one and all,
Remember that we will fall, and
Rise again to the sirens call:
The cracks let the light in,
We are not perfect within,
And yet we can still win!

Win the love of friends with words,
Remember we are absurd, and
Yet in actions sing like the birds:
We all make melodies in life,
Though events present strife,
So I will not await the afterlife!

SPEAK OF LOVE

Flow freely sweet word dreams,
Take in the desire, harness times day;
Let not the speed to find
Unseat from her place
The one true love.

Begotten before times placehood,
Eternal in desire, beyond times play,
Let the truth of dreams
Speak beyond her place
Of one true love.

In the seeking and the speaking,
Free from all desire, find times clay;
Let our oneness today,
Shaped in her beauty,
Speak words our love.

MANIFEST ACTION

For Melvyn Hollis, Prof. E. R. Huehns, Prof. E.J. Stanbridge, Prof. A. Roper: who started and inspired a life of words becoming actions.

I remain in awe of the enlightened,
The seers and speakers of truth,
Who manifest their way for us:
    Awestruck and yet moving,
    I am moved by their words,
    Manifested in their actions.

We are all animals of activity,
Roaming, roving and searching,
As we manifest this way of us:
    Human, all to human, I'm,
    Moving and finding words,
    That manifest my actions.

I am in awe when I notice beauty,
I'm a seer and speaker of this truth,
Who manifests these words of us:
    Awestruck and moved, I move,
    Carried along, finding words,
    Which are manifest in action.

BE HAPPY

For and from James Elroy Flecker

Speaking words, without seeing your face,
Never feeling your smile, and your embrace,
I send my soul through time and space:
    For you are now with me,
    Which makes me happy,
    As together we are free.

O friends, some unseen, unborn, unknown,
You read out my words, at night, all alone,
As a living poet, without a heart of stone:
    For we are now at one.
    I have had all of my fun,
    In looking towards the sun.

I send you this smile, with bright-eyed love,
Shaped from my faith in her, sitting above,
As a poet, in joy, her love is all I speak of:
    So now I live happy,
    For you are with me,
    Together we are free.

WORDS DIE TOO

Who teaches who the barbarism of war?
Nationalistic totems of a legalised death, in
The defence of a territory and a culture:
Who holds who higher in this game?
Who looks beyond to see evil in evil?
What truth is there in these deaths?

We all die, when one dies, for we are one!
Split into the many, all speak their voice, in
The defence of an identity and a culture:
Who loves who highest in this game?
Who sees beyond this love and hate,
What truth is there when we all die?

We are all at war when we are not at one!
For it is our will and voice that speaks, in
The creation of our identities and culture:
Some appear higher in this, our game?
They see fully what we are in all our words,
Their truth is our truth but words die too!

SING OUR SONGS

Let us all sing our own songs of living,
Born in the everyday ways of our being,
So that others may know of your love:
Sing hard from throated depths,
Scream when it is so unbearable,
But always remember who sings?

Sing for ancestors, who made our life,
So they may hear all these reparations,
Born of love, with their life in your hearts:
Sing sweet of their cherished wishes;
Stream tears when life is taken away,
But always sing of their fullest life.

I sing now with songs of this freedom
Born in the everyday ways of our being,
So that others may know of this love:
I sing hard from throated depths,
Scream when it is so unbearable,
But I always know who is singing!

THE BLIND FOOLS

How often do we seek what we cannot find?
For in the world of things all can have a place,
Everything can be numbered, or so some think!
I enjoy the world of things, all numbered,
All structured, where patterns help shape
The rationality and structure of things.

How often do we find what we cannot seek?
For in the world of people all too can find a place,
Everyone can seek their dreams, or so some think!
I enjoy the world of people, all hopeful,
All chaotic, word patterns helping to shape
Our irrational and structured ways.

How often do we accept what we do not see?
For the world of love can be found without seeking,
Everyone can find her joys, or so some think!
I enjoy this world of love, with a new faith,
With a hope, that word patterns keep coming
To fools who listen and have found it all!

MANY VOICES

We are the many voices, the many,
Not the few, who, give and take little.
Seek little but the essential rights:
Our duty is to others, not to self,
Not to the vagaries of the popular,
For we are all the many voices.

We are many conversations, the many,
Not the few, which, create and make life.
Seek life in all that is essentially right:
Our duty is to truth, not to self,
Not to the strangers living within,
For we are all many conversations.

We are the many within, the many,
Not the few, who, greet and take flight.
Seek light in the essence that is right:
Our duty is to love, the many voices,
And the strangers that live within.
The feast of life has many voices!

I DID NOT SEEK THIS WAY

I can hear you now, from sanded time,
Washed away with each sacred wave,
Now gently caressing a worded-silence:
    What gift is this, to hear eternity;
    What pleasure is this, to know joy;
    What pain, accepted with courage?

I did not seek for this way of being,
It consumes me with each waved-word,
Giving voice to life from a sacred-silence:
    What pain is this, to hear eternity;
    What measure for this, knowing joy;
    This love, I accept in courage!

Listen to me now, hear loves time,
Be washed away with each new wave,
Be gentle. Be caressed in the silence:
    Accept this gift, a hearing;
    Accept the pleasure, from joy;
    Wash the pain with this love.

LIVE & STAY

For Mike and for all who struggle to behold. 5th Nov 2022 - Wilmslow

Today I remember you, who
Walked away in silence, few
Would have thought it possible:
    For you were a happy man;
    Fondly loving, a family man,
    Determined to make life pay.

But who is it that paid, who?
When you in silence walked, few
Heard that fateful scream:
    For in that moment, a man,
    Fondly loved, a family man,
    Made all of us left in life pay.

We paid, but now we forgive, you
Who walked away in silence, few
Would have thought it possible:
    I am now, today, a happy man;
    Fondly loving, a family man,
    Determined to live and stay.